

Of Chocolate Cake

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Summary: Hairspray 2007 Oneshot. Tears, guilt, and some chocolate cake. R&R

Of Chocolate Cake

AN: So here's the deal. This isn't my favourite piece of writing, but i felt compelled to finish it, and figured if it's done, I might as well post it here, and see what you guys think. So read & review, and enjoy!

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><p>Of Chocolate Cake**
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Edna Turnblad poked her head into the room of her daughter, only to find her sitting on her bed in tears.

"Oh hon, what's the matter?" She sat down next to Tracy, rubbing her back. The first time she tried to speak, all that came out were sobs, and Edna shushed her until the tears subsided.

Tracy, eyes puffy and red, looked dejectedly at the floor. "Mama, am I pretty?"

Shocked at her question, Edna looked Tracy, lifting her chin up. "Tracy Edna Turnblad! Don't you ever doubt yourself! You are an amazing girl, a beautiful woman, on the inside and out!"

Tracy glared at her mother. "You have to say that. You're my mom. And if I'm so great, how come Lin - I mean boys never notice me?" She got up and went to the closet, pulling out a blouse. Holding it up for her mother to see, she angrily said, "Mama, look at this!" She shook the shirt. "There's enough fabric here to clothe all of Baltimore! I'm fat! How can you say I'm beautiful when I look like a whale?" Her bottom lip quivered.

Edna shook her head. "Hon, you're just curvaceous, it runs in the family. And I love you the way you are. Would you want to be an Amber, starving yourself?"

Tracy chose to ignore her mother, and peered out the window, through the gloomy mist that lay over the city, a result of the previous night's storm.

"Tracy, I know it's hard right now, but you have to know that those girls you see on television, on that show, Cranky Collins—" Edna interrupted.

"Corny, Mama. It's Corny Collins." Tracy rolled her eyes.

"Does it really matter? Anyways, those girls are not the real definition of women, and they create unrealistic standards for normal people to fulfill. Trace, hon, I love to cook. It's something I love almost as much as the smell of clean clothes and laundry detergent. I enjoy making food for other people to enjoy, and I enjoy eating it. That's who I am, and I'm not going to change that. And I don't think you should pay attention to boys, whether it's a certain one," at this, Tracy blushed, "or the gender as a whole, noticing you."

"More like not noticing me," Tracy mumbled.

"Boys are a waste of time at your age anyways," Edna finished.

"Oh Mama, the girls on Corny ARE real. They go to my school remember? And every single day I see them, walking down the halls, and getting the stares of ever boy in the building. The only stares I get are when people can't believe that I can find clothes big enough to fit me." Tracy scowled.

"Tracy. Tell me, do you want to eat a stick of celery and drink 32 glasses of water a day?" Edna said patiently.

"Wellâ€¦ no," replied her daughter.

"Then stop beating yourself up. Looks are not everything. Now why don't you get some rest? I know you have that big geography test tomorrow, and if you aren't going to study, the least you can do is be well rested." She kissed Tracy on the head, and hugged her tightly.

Tracy sighed. "Goodnight Mama," she said, climbing under her patchwork quilt. "Night Daddy!" she called.

Edna went back to the living room, where she watched the end of a TV movie with Wilbur. Yawning, he suggested they head off to bed, and she agreed. Once they were both in their night clothes, Wilbur kissed his wife, rolled over, and fell asleep. Edna however, tossed and turned for a few hours, sleep refusing to come.

Quietly, she slid out of bed, and padded to the kitchen, slippers muffling her steps. She boiled a pot of water, and a few minutes later, sat at the table with a steaming cup of hot chocolate. Stirring the hot liquid with a spoon, deep in thought, she sighed. After a few sips, she pushed the mug away, causing some of the cup's contents to slosh over the sides.

Back in the bedroom, Wilbur heard a suppressed whimper and wandered into the kitchen in search of the sound's cause. Seeing his wife's shoulders heaving in sobs, he pulled up a chair beside her, and hugged her tight.

"Edna, what's the matter?" he said, his voice revealing a hint of alarm. "Is everything okay?" He stroked her chestnut hair affectionately.

"No, Will, everything is not okay!" Edna buried her face in his shoulder as her sobs became louder.

"Oh hon, what's going on?"

"I am the most horrible person on Earth! And not only am I a horrible person, but I'm quite possibly the most horrible mother ever!" Edna wailed even louder, and Wilbur heard Tracy mumble in her sleep from down the hall.

Edna obviously heard her too, because she squeezed her eyes shut, willing herself to be quiet. "Will, if I tell you this, promise me you won't leave me here and now." She avoided looking her husband in the eye.

"Darling, I would never leave you. You know that. So come on, tell me what's on your mind." He held her hands.

So Edna relayed the tale of her evening talk with Tracy, about how she was very insecure about her weight, and upset by not being noticed by boys. Wilbur nodded, but looked puzzled.

"But Edna, it sounds like you did all the right things, comforting her. How can you say you are the worst mother in the world?"

"Wilbur, I'm loosing her," Edna almost whispered, a silent tear sliding down her cheek.

"Loosing who? Tracy?" She nodded. "Oh Ed, she's a teenage girl, you had to have known she would want to spend more time with her friends - well mainly Penny, but it doesn't matter who. She wants to be independent." Wilbur felt his gut wrench at the pained look on his wife's face.

"We used to be best friends, hon. Everyday, she would help me fold laundry, and we would make forts out of blankets. One day we pretended we were the royal family, and you made everyday national desert day. I miss that. I miss the Tracy that didn't care what others thought, and tried every cake and cookie I made. I miss when the only person she said 'I love you' to was you and me - now those pictures of Link Larkin hear it more than we do. I want her to be able to tell me everything again, every fear, every worry, every joke and embarrassing moment. I used to feel like her world revolved around me, and I know it doesn't, but I feel so distant from her." The tears continued to fall, dripping down her neck and soaking into the collar of her nightgown. "You want to know why I'm the worst person in the world?"

Wilbur nodded. He would greatly like to know why his wife thought she

was the worst person in the world, but he wasn't about to rush Edna when she was so obviously distressed.

"I feel like the only thing I have left in common with Trace anymore is our weight. I know, it's terrible, but it's the truth. After school, she races home, and watches that silly show, Corny Cobbins, or goes to Penny's house, or does anything not to be at home. The only time I see her is at meals. And even though there is no way for me to change my looks, Tracy is still young, she still has a chance. I want her to shine as brightly as possible - she is the most amazing girl I have ever met. But a tiny part of me, a wicked part, wants her to stay the way she is, my little girl. I think she is beautiful, but not everybody appreciates big women, and I know that. I've tolerated it for so long, and I know she has too. I don't want that life for her, to be out-casted and run a laundry business from her home. She deserves more. I know I could encourage a healthier lifestyle, make foods that are a little better for her, for us. And I don't. Because if I did, and Tracy's size changed, then it would be like she isn't my daughter at all." With that she took a deep breath again buried her face into Wilbur's shoulders, shaking with sobs.

Wilbur was about to make a speech about how Edna's feelings about feeling disconnected with their teenage daughter was normal, and her fears of loosing Tracy went through his head too, and that she was a wonderful and compassionate woman, who cared so much for her family, that even the thought of loosing a member, even metaphorically, caused her pain, when Tracy slipped into the room. Her eyes were puffy, and tears stained her face.

"Oh Mama," she whispered, causing Edna to look up. Her eyes were also puffy and red, and she looked ashamed.

"Tracy, oh no, what did you hear? You must think I'm a horrible person and-" Tracy cut her off by sitting on her lap and hugging her ferociously.

"Mama, I'm so sorry." Her voice was thick with regret. "I never meant for you to feel like you weren't a part of my life, because you should know you are the biggest part of all. And I don't just mean in size. And speaking of, I am not ashamed of my weight. Sure, when I have bad days, I wish I was a little skinnier, but doesn't everybody have days when they feel self-conscious and jealous of those who appear perfect? I like to eat, and I enjoy myself. If I was any different, I might not be who I am today. It's helped me accept people who are different - a wise woman once told me looks aren't everything." At that Edna managed a smile. "Who needs to be loved by people who don't eat, and are boring as cardboard, when I have the most wonderful woman in the world, with an amazing personality, and a heart so big, I'm surprised you haven't exploded. So please Mama, don't feel like I don't love you, because I love you with all my heart." Tracy smiled and hugged her mother again, while Edna burst into more tears, wailing.

After a moment, she wiped her face on her sleeve, and kissed Tracy on the cheek. "You'll always be my little girl, Tracy. You can't ever stop being my daughter." Edna almost radiated love.

Tracy laughed. "And I would never want to."

Wilbur, who had felt he wasn't part of this mother-daughter moment,

stood up, and clapped his hands. "Who wants chocolate cake?" he asked, taking the cover off a cake platter, where three slices sat. His daughter and wife giggled, and nodded. As her husband put the cake slices on plates, and her daughter poured three glasses of milk, Edna felt like everything would be okay. She knew it would.

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>AN2: So thanks bunches for reading. And seeing as you have gotten this far, would it really be much more work to submit a review? Even a tiny one, really, I'm not picky.<p><p>

End
file.